

1572. 27. 10.
la Regiam Sagittariorum Scotorum
Cohortem.



COTOS Pharetris, quis sine gaudio
Nam Suscitatos cerneret invidus,
Claros per Orbem, Brittonique
Limitibus positisque Romæ.

Qui sape dulcem Sanguine Patriam
Per tot Tuentes secula fortiter,
Intaminatos usque Honores
Progenie Patriaque servam.

Nunc quo Sodales jungit amabilas
Non illa Tueri Spes, neque Glorie,
Spectata sed Virtus, Fidesque &
Integritas, studiumque recti.

Non illi Amicos per mala deserunt,
Spretisque vulgi Vocibus invidis,
Non de Via justi recedunt,
Nec Prece, nec Pretio, ministrer.

Tali Furore, si LEO FERVIDUS,
Qvaro repellens vim sua ab ALBIO,
Stripetur, Hostiles Catervas
Letbiferis subiget Sagittis.

Posuit Sodalis Pharetratus.

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P O E M

ON THE
Royal Company of ARCHERS.

WHAT true born *SCOT*, but will be glad to see
Old *Caledon* revive, that seem'd to die,
And Quiver'd *Scots* to march in Rank and File?
The *Scots*, which oft the *Roman* Pride did quell,
And to the ancient *Brittons* gave the Law,
Made *Saxons*, *Normans*, *Danes*, to stand in Awe.

Who for their Country did their Lives expose,
And bravely stood it gainst their stoutest Foes,
Immortal Glory purchas'd, and Renown
And unstain'd Honour did their Actions crown.

This LOVELY CORPSE, not Hopes of Fordid Gain,
Nor that of Glory flattering and vain,
But Love of Truth, and study to do Good
Inspires their Minds, and runs through all their Blood.
In adverse Fortune will not leave a Friend,
Nor in their Country's Cause will ly behind;
But boldly brave it, slighting vulgar Fame,
No Bribes, no Threats can quash their martial Flame.

If that the RAMPANT LION should thus be
Supported by so brave a Progenie,
Dear Mother *ALBION* needs not fear the Cause,
Whose Youth have Lions Hearts and Lions Paws,
With Skill and Art can govern so the Bow,
No ARROW's Shot, but gives the deadly Blow.